

Hop On Top by ObeyDontStray

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: Anal Sex, Blowjobs, Car Sex, Gay Sex, M/M, Male/male smut, One Night Stand, bar pickup, bi Hopper, male reader - Freeform

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Summary:

When Hopper gets an offer to work off his frustrations with Joyce, he doesn't let it pass him by. (male reader X Jim Hopper)

Hop On Top

Author's Note:

- For [Cats_Pickles](#).

I hope this is suitable! I hope it's not too female fantasy driven lol

He watched the couple at the bar, and I found myself watching him. I wonder which person he is watching. The cute and petite woman who smiled too little? Or the slightly nerdy little man who smiled too much. Based on his scowls, I gather he doesn't care too much for the guy. The handsome man sits in the corner booth alone, shoulders tense as he nurses a beer. I can see his strong jaw clench beneath his beard from where I sit. He's wearing blue plaid, rolled up to his elbows, and a pair of dark washed jeans. The man looks taunt with frustration. And jealousy looks damn good on him. When I send him a shot of whiskey the waitress tells him it's from me and he holds it in the air with a nod, a silent thank you.

I wrestle with myself. Should I make my way to his table? He's so wound up in that tiny woman, he probably won't accept my advances. I almost give up on him until the couple at the table stands. The man heads to pay the check, she heads outside. The man in plaid I'd be watching made his way to the door to follow her. I caught him by the wrist as he walked by my table.

"Want to make her jealous?" I asked him. He glances down at my hand and up to my face. He doesn't say no, but he pulls his wrist from my grasp.

Outside he leans against the wall, eyeballing her as she waits at the car for her date. I approach him, standing toe to toe with him. He stares at her over my shoulder I step forward into his personal space. "Show her you can take anyone home." I whisper to him. "I know you don't know me, but I can show you a good time, cowboy." For once he takes his attention away from her to really look at me. I can feel her attention on us and I stare up at his shapely lips. Before I can initiate anything, he leans forward to cup my chin and press his lips

against mine.

He stops to look at her. She's definitely watching us. So he bends low to nip at my neck, the underside of my jaw, his hands on my hips. "What's your name?" He asks, lips lingering at my ear. "(Y/N)." I reply.

"I can't make any promises about anything, (Y/N). She's really got a hold on me." I kiss him hard on the lips again, my tongue exploring his mouth. "No strings. I just want a good time with a good looking man." I assure him.

"Is she in love with you?" I ask him lowly as I push him against the wall before I bite his lower lip gently. "It's complicated." He mumbled against my mouth. I took him by the hand and lead him to my rental, right past her.

The petite brunette watched us as we got into the car. Feeling devious, I lean across the car and into his lap, rubbing him through his jeans. "Is she watching us?" I ask him as I unzip his jeans.

"Yes."

"Show her what's she's missing." I replied as I freed him from the fly of his boxers. He's impressive, no doubt about it. He spread his arm across the back of the seat and guided my movements with his other hand. He moaned as I took him in, his hand curling in my hair.

"Oh, fuck." The big man breathed, watching his brunette intently. He's thick and my jaw begins to ache, but I'm determined to give his jealous girlfriend a good show. When I pull away to look at his face, his head is thrown back and his eyes closed, his breathing heavy. He moans loudly when I resume my task. Humming around him gives him that last push and he holds my head down as he comes, forcing me to swallow.

"Damn, you're good." He breathed as I sat back in my seat. The petite brunette and her dorky date are gone.

"Think she knew?" I asked him. "Oh, she knew." He laughed lowly in his throat. He leaned across the seat to kiss me roughly. "Got

somewhere we can go?" He asked. "Of course."

"You ever been with a man?" I ask him. "Enough to know my way around." He said with a half grin. He moves to step out of my car. "I'll follow you there."

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Inside the door of my hotel room, his big hands spread beneath my shirt before he pulled it up and over my head. His mouth is everywhere, his beard scratching my skin. He places his knee between my legs and I shamelessly ground against it.

"You never told me your name." I say to him as he unbuttons his shirt slowly and we both kick off our shoes. "Jim." I kiss across his broad shoulders, pausing to nip at his collarbones as I thumb his nipples. I trace from his belly button to the button of his jeans. He's hard again already, and I can feel his need pressing against my thigh. He's so warm, and so close. His breath makes my skin prickle as he reaches down and unbuttons my jeans. He pushes them down my legs and I kick them away, suddenly all too aware that I'm standing naked in front of him. His own jeans are unbuttoned and unzipped but he doesn't bother with them, electing instead to take me in his hand and stroke me a few times.

He kisses me roughly as he pushes me back to the bed. I reach to the bedside table and produce a condom and lube. He gives me a half smile, one corner of his mouth curling up and I have to kiss it away. His dimples are devastating, his blue eyes intense. I explore his mouth as he kicks out of his jeans and boxers. I do the honor of rolling the condom onto him and take the opportunity to grope his perfect ass. His hands tangle in my hair. "On your knees." He says sternly.

I face away from him and crawl onto the bed on all fours. I look at him over my shoulder. "Fuck me like she's watching." I request and his eyes darken. He crawls onto his knees behind me and grasps my ass, rubbing his need against me. He slides in gently, growling deep in his chest when he sinks in to the hilt. He's bigger than I'm used to, and it takes a moment to adjust. "You good?" He asks and I nod.

His hands grab my hips as he begins to move. Rolling strokes, rocking into me. I have to steady myself on the headboard as I meet him thrust for thrust. He moans behind me, one hand slipping under me to grip my hardness. His hand works in tandem with his movements and I have to moan along with him. "Fuck." I moan, biting my lower lip as he hit the spot repeatedly. "Goddamn." He muttered, his thrusts growing harder. We rock against each other, opposite forces coming together. I roll my hips and he makes a sound of approval.

I come first, spilling across his hand and onto the sheets. He speeds up, pulling my hips back against him. He lets out a groan as he reaches his own peak. With a few more movements he's finished and rolls onto his back on the bed with a grunt.

"Whoever she is, she doesn't know what she's missing." I tell him as I collapse onto my belly beside him. He looks dismayed that I mentioned her again, but it's the damn truth. I rub my thumb across his bearded jaw, looking into his weary eyes. "Jealousy looks damn good on you though, cowboy." He stands abruptly and gathers his clothes, stepping into them. I know I've said too much. He's done with me, and now he's going to make his exit. He has his back to me as he dresses and I admire his ass as he steps into his jeans and hoists them up his hips to button and zip them. He buttons his shirt up to the top three buttons and leaves them undone as he steps into his boots.

There's nothing more to say. No strings, just a good time. He gives me a look that I can't quite decipher as he retrieves his keys from the table by the door. "It's been fun." He says lowly before he steps outside, pulling my door shut behind him.